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ἔνθα δοῦνται μὲν γινόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύμωτοι
καὶ νεοὶ καὶ Μετὰ καὶ Ἀγία

Conducted

BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

PRINCETON N.J.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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COMMERCE AS AN AGENCY IN INTELLECTUAL ADVANCEMENT.

PRIZE ESSAY : BY JAMES RICHARDS JR., OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE intellectual development of mankind is of such transcendent consequence, that it cannot fail to command for its study, the most profound attention among literate men. Narcissus-like we hang delighted over the stream of the historic past, and endeavor to trace therein, the reflection of our intellectual manhood. Like the Macedonian architect, we fain would hew from a chaotic Mt. Athos of facts, an Alexander in the similitude of the present giant growth of mind.

Ours is called the "Wonderful Age." The march of civilization and all its accompanying train, in this present century, has been most astonishing: the Cimmerian darkness of the middle ages has been dispelled, and a millennial day has dawned upon the world. Having reached this summit of civilization, it affords us pleasure to take a retrospective view of the course of our progress, and to consider the circumstances favoring our advancement, as the traveller, after a toilsome journey, reflects with an inward exultation upon the obstacles he has overcome on his way, and remembers with gratitude, the sheltering cottage, or the faithful guide.

Obviously, there are various particulars that all and each contribute to the constitution of civilization, and among them, undoubtedly, ranks high mental enlargement, which is both a cause and a concomitant of civilization : it is a cause *sine qua non*. Being so important, therefore, to the advancement and happiness of mankind, it must be interesting to consider the agencies favoring its progress. In this essay, we propose to exhibit the influence which *Commerce* exerts in the development of mind, and we do this in controversion of the theories of those political philosophers, who assert that "the increase of trade is big with the real misery of mankind, and that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy and the nurse of every vice." The word commerce we shall not use merely in its restricted sense of interchange of productions or property between nations, but also in the more general, though not arbitrary signification of international communication, however occasioned, or for whatever purpose contrived. Our subject we shall treat in the following manner. 1st. Show *why* commerce is essential to intellectual advancement. 2nd. From several historical narrations confirm our views, and 3d. Manifest how some have been led to false opinions on the subject.

I. We have no sympathy whatever with those skeptics, who inform us that the whole world was originally populated with barbarians ; we do not favor the sentiment of the Greeks that their aborigines were autochthones, nor of the Romans that theirs were indigenous. Most writers on the progress of civilization take this unauthorized view of the case. They say that man has in himself the germs of the highest intelligence, and that by the gradual evolving of these the first civilizations arose. But if this be a fact, why did not all the world make equal and simultaneous progress in cultivation, whereas we know that the primeval civilizations were confined to only three localities. The account in the Scriptures alone is satisfactory : that man from the very first was endowed with wisdom from on high. Before the flood there was a high degree of civilization, and so after the flood men

were advanced enough in the arts to build the tower of Babel. Now, after the confusion of tongues, the three sons of Noah and their offspring, as we read in Genesis, were "scattered abroad upon the face of the earth." Archæologists suppose that the family of Shem migrated to South-western Asia, and that from them originated the Hebrews and Arabians: according to the same authority, the descendants of Ham settled in Africa and Syria, and those of Japhet in North Eastern Asia. Hence the foundation of the three ancient Oriental civilizations, viz: that of the Hebrews, which was not permanently established till the subjugation of Caanan, the Egyptian and the Chinese. From all of these, in the migratory spirit of early ages, went forth Nomads, and thus in the process of time, Europe and all the unsettled world became peopled with wandering tribes. These removed from the centers of civilization degenerated into the depths of barbarism.

Thus do we account for the cultivation and knowledge existing in a few favored localities and for the heathenish degradation of so great a part of the inhabitants of the world. We know the extent of enlightenment now, and it behooves us to consider by what means it has advanced, what has been the grand operative agency. We say it has been and must necessarily have been Commerce. We admit that there is an innate belief in man that he is destined to progress, and which will lead him, in proportion to the strength of his belief, to strive for advancement. Still this advancement is extremely slow, infinitesimal, without stimulating and energizing external co-operatives. The ancient Pelasgi had existed for at least two thousand years in Greece, when they first became known to the Phœnicians, and they were then ignorant of even the common element fire, and the aborigines of Italy were discovered in the same benighted condition, a thousand years later by the Greeks. Thus it is that the unaided progress of civilization is not on an inclined plane, the verticle point of which is comparatively soon gained, but on a spiral, whence, although there is an upward movement, it is very

gradual, and many and long turns are made before the advancement is at all apparent.

No! Mankind could not have attained their present enlightenment by the unassisted evolution of their mental faculties. It could only have been through the agency of commerce, by which the cultivated nation is brought in contact with the less refined, by which the latter is made conscious of its ignorance and deficiencies: hence it becomes humble, and humility is the condition of all intellectual progress. Again, the influence of commerce is not only objective but subjective. The communication of ideas from nation to nation, like the "quality of mercy" is twice blessed. "It blesses him that gives and him that takes." The common remark, that there is no one however illiterate, from whom we can not derive instruction is equally applicable to nations and individuals. Hence, when a nation endeavors to extend its cultivation, aside from the consequent satisfaction derived from so god-like, beneficent an effort, it receives a rich guerdon in the store of knowledge curious or practical which it obtains in return. The legends and superstitions of even the most untutored savages afford fruitful themes for the contemplation of the philosopher, while from their history and habits can be drawn important lessons of admonition and instruction. Further we might even show that the lamp of civilization would become utterly extinguished, if deprived of the nourishment, which commerce gives to its flame. For emulation, rivalry is the *alma mater* of progress—stagnation is death, and as the miser who will share with no one his treasure finally buries it in the earth, that it can never advantage any one, so the sordid nation that will not diffuse its blessings will in the end inhumate them in a grave of oblivion.

From the foregoing observations, we think it will be obvious that commerce, inter communication of ideas is essential to all development of mind and advancement in knowledge.

II. Reasoning, however valid and decisive it may appear, unless supported by facts, must be fallacious. We will now show

from history that commerce has been the agency by which the world has become enlightened.

We have alluded to the ignorance and debasement of the aborigines of Greece. Viewed in their degradation, who would have imagined that they would be in the progress of a few centuries the master-spirits of the world! Behold the wonders worked by commerce! The enterprising Phœnicians, BC, 1800, discovered and sent colonies to Greece. Cadmus led a colony to Bœotia and founded Thebes, and the ancient Pelasgi, received from him the first impulse that served to rouse them from the torpor of barbarism. He introduced among them, alphabetical writing, the gods and oracles of the Phœnicians and various improvements in mind, manners and government. About the same period the Egyptian Cecrops, with a colony of Saites founded the political state of Athens; and Argos, afterwards the dominant city of Greece, was indebted for the commencement of its renowned civility and social order to the civilizing efforts of Danaus and his colony, also from Egypt. Another source of the culture of the Greeks was the reflex influence which they received from their adventurous exploits in the heroic age.

The far-famed Argonautic expedition and the siege and capture of Troy, in no small degree, contributed to elevate and nationalize them. The Greeks for centuries continued to hold intercourse with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, and as a consequence became gradually more and more cultivated and refined. However, even as late as the time of Homer, Phœnician was synonymous with superior excellence; for example, the poet speaking of the bowl of Achilles, says: "Sidonian artists wrought it and Phœnicians brought it over the sea." The philosophy and mythology of the Greeks was also derived from the same parents and founders of their civilization, and even when Greece had reached its acme of cultivation, a Plato and a Pythagoras did not disdain to travel in Egypt to study the science metaphysics and religion of that country. Thus it was

that by Commerce, that by the healthful spirit of inquiry, which her institutions ever promoted, Greece became not only the glory of the ancient world, but the beacon of the modern. From the history of Roman civilization, we could also derive abundant confirmation of our views, but we forbear to recur to it, so familiar as it is to every school boy, and so frequently employed "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Allow us simply to observe that it was under the tutelage of Greece, that Rome attained that culture, which has made her the admiration of posterity, and that her most brilliant period was when she had commerce with the whole civilized world, viz : the period beginning with the fall of Carthage, and ending with the death of Augustus.

For a less hackneyed exemplification of the mighty effects of international commerce, let us turn to Spain. This nation did not possess a semblance of enlightenment, nor was it at all advanced beyond barbarism until five centuries after the Christian era. About this time she was aroused from her lethargy, by the invasion of the Visigoths. The civil polity of these nomads was quite superior, being derived, through their intercourse with the Italian republics. They over-ran the Peninsula, bringing with them their liberal principles of government, and owing to this excitation, the Spaniards made slow but evident progress in refinement. From them, they received a compilation of laws, forming the basis of all their subsequent legislation, and to the same they are indebted, for many institutions that existed in the time of Spain's greatest prosperity. This gradual development continued on till the eighth century, when it was greatly accelerated by an event, which, however inauspicious it may at first have appeared, is acknowledged by all historians to have given a great impulse to the Castilian intellect. We refer to the great Saracen invasion, when all the Peninsula was subjected to the standard of the crescent. The Arabians at this period were a cultivated people, and had made great progress in the sciences, especially chemistry, medicine and astronomy. The invaders and van-

quished did not immediately coalesce, nor did they ever form a national alliance, but the individuals of each were brought into continual contact. For centuries the two people dwelt side by side, the Spaniards by degrees recovered their original territory and continually insinuated themselves among the Moors and made themselves proficient in their learning. Finally, they became the dominant power politically and intellectually, and in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, was accomplished the romantic and celebrated conquest of Granada. Then, whatever was Saracen became Spanish, and then Spain reached a mental prowess superior to that of all contemporary nations, and constituting an epoch in the history of literature. Again, Prescott takes occasion to notice the higher degree of civilization existing in Barcelona and Valentia, than in the central provinces of Spain. These states, situated as they are, on the sea-board, carried on an extensive commerce with all the cities of the Mediterranean. It is to this fact that he attributes their pre-eminence. The following are his words : "in this wide and various collision, their intellectual powers were quickened by constant activity ; and more enlarged views were formed, with a deeper consciousness of their own strength, than could be obtained by those inhabitants of the interior, who were conversant only with a limited range of objects and subjected to the influence of the same dull, monotonous circumstances." Such is the effect of commerce as exemplified by history. If any further illustration is necessary, we might briefly refer to Portugal. We will simply observe that the intellectual renown of this nation reached its culmination, when, having discovered the route by ocean to the Levant, she established there-with an extensive Commerce. Immediately genius was aroused and men of letters became numerous. Portugal, then took a high rank among the nations, and attracted and commanded the attention of the known world. Finally, it was at this time, that the Epic muse was once more aroused after a long sleep, and Camoens produced his celebrated *Lusiad*, the theme of which

was this very commercial enterprise to the East. The poet sang :

" Arms and the heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Through seas, where sail was never spread before,
With prowess more than human forced their way,
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day."

III. If what we have said in the foregoing part of this essay is true, how is it that such theorists as Rousseau and Abbe Raynal have been led to affirm that commerce is the parent of degeneracy, that it warps the mind, and that the luxury it introduces causes the downfall of nations?

One reason is that they argue from particulars to generals, in a manner unwarranted by facts. They bid you look at the tradesman, and observe, and that very truly, that he is commonly sordid, that money-making in the grand end of his existence; that his intellect is cramped and his views narrow. From this, they affirm, by induction, that a commercial nation is effected in the same way. Again, they remark that trade is the most frequent path to wealth; opulence, they say, leads to indulgence in luxury and luxury is altogether incompatible with subtlety of mind. This is a fact, and from it they derive wholesale conclusions as before. Here lies the fallacy. Though commerce does affect, in such manner as they describe, those individuals, who are actively engaged in the mere interchange of goods between nation and nation, yet it must be remembered that luxuries are the most inconsiderable fractions of the stores introduced through international communication. The great advantage of commerce arises from the introduction of the arts, sciences and philosophy from the cultivated nation, to the less refined,—still, even the luxuries introduced are by no means to be contemned, for it is only in their abuse that they become enervating.

As an illustration of their views, the philosophers we are speaking of, usually appeal to Roman history. They say commerce introduced into Rome those superfluities of life and means of

sensual indulgence, that issued in her downfall. In considering this, we must recollect that benefits must always be weighed against evils. For whatever glory Rome obtained, she was indebted wholly to her intercourse with other nations. Her aborigines were savages, and would have continued so to this day, had it not been for Grecian emigration, or had she been kept excluded from commerce with the rest of the world. It was the *abuse* of the blessings of commerce that caused her decay. The Romans, as a whole people, were not eminently intellectual; their pre-eminence was prowess in war. We are all aware of the opposition which the elder Cato made to the introduction of the Greek philosophers into Rome. How can we wonder then, that when the doors of the temple of Janus were closed, and they had no more worlds to conquer, they immediately became drowned in luxury. If man's intellect is not cultivated, sensuality always becomes dominant. To commerce, therefore, Rome is indebted for all her glory; the abuse of its blessings occasioned her fall.

From this we see that philosophers are wrong, when they assert that commerce is the "nurse of degeneracy." This is not its normal influence. Still, when a nation from its hereditary institutions, or a peculiar savageness of disposition, is antagonistic to mental improvement, on opportunity occurring, through the agency of commerce, an uncontrolled sensuality will unavoidably take place, most enervating in its character. Theorists, in fine, have been led into error by considering an accidental circumstance a universal consequence.

In conclusion, since we have shown that commerce is essential to intellectual development, it follows, that it must be the grand agency by which the remnant of the world is to become enlightened, and by which the now civilized world is to be still further advanced. And it is. The commerce of Spain discovered America, and the commerce of England sent hither the civilizing operatives; and it is only by commerce, now that China,

India, and the islands of the sea, can be aroused from that lethargy in which they have slept and remained the same for ages. It is due to the facilitated intercourse between nations that civilization is extended, and is extending itself farther than it was three centuries ago, "when mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miserable account of what was passing on in the world from monastery to monastery." The present may be denominated the cosmopolitan age. We may all aptly be called citizens of the world so expeditious is international communication.

The Arabian story-teller delighted to attribute to the hero of his tale, ubiquitous presence, and immediate knowledge of all transpiring events. We read in their *sagas* of a small telescope, which could assist the eye of the observer to penetrate thousands of miles from the spot on which he stood, and of a carpet, which transported any one who took his station upon it as swift as wish, to any place to which he desired to go. We have now in the inventions of our own age almost the realization of these fictions. Time and space are annihilated; distant objects are brought into present view and we become immediately cognizant of far remote circumstances. Under these influences enlightenment will rapidly become disseminated, and civilization advance in a geometrical ratio.

The telegraphic union of the old and new worlds is now being established; England is extending the system to her East India Colonies and Australia, and North America is already traversed with wires. "Soon," in the language of a British Reviewer, "the far East and the far West, will come under the influence of European culture; soon her knowledge and liberal principles will be everywhere diffused and soon the guiding thought conceived at the grand seat of empire will pervade the whole world more swiftly than the red reflection, of the beacons, bore across the Aegean the tardy intelligence of a captured Troy, to the weary watcher at Agamemnon's home."

THE FIRE KING.

Let bold youth and fair lovers now list for a while,
As I strive with a ballad, dull time to beguile ;
And scorn not the lay, the poor minstrel would dare,
Of Ronald the brave and Binnorie the fair.

Count Ronald he wooed and Count Ronald he won,
The heart of the maiden of high Ergilton ;
But her sire he spake sternly, " one thing must be done,
One penance be past, ere I call thee my son.

" Know, youth ! a dread spirit now sits on his throne,
In the heart of the earth, majestic, alone ;
No fairies sport round him, attendant his call,
But unbroken silence broods aye o'er his hall.

" Bring me but the sword, which his scabbard doth g race
The sign of my fathers, the seal of my race—
And the maiden thou lovest is thine evermore,
A friend to thy friend, and a foe to thy foe."

Sore grieved was the heart of Count Ronald, I ween,
Though his arm it was stout, though his sword it was keen
Though his courage would front the wild-beasts in his lair,
Yet none would avail against spirits of air.

And in the pale midnight, he stood on the bank,
Of a beautiful lakelet, mid dew and mid dank ;
When the Moon glistened sweet through her vapory shroud
As a maid smiles through tears, when sorrows becloud.

Then straightway, he muttered a spell to awake,
That fantastic spirit, Elf-Queen of the lake ;
Which, tradition had told him, had often been seen,
To play on the waves, in the rocks o'er the gleen.

And often her voice had been heard at the e'en
Chanting an anthem to the pensive Night-Queen,
But if mortal footstep should hap to draw nigh,
She would laugh in defiance, to her lake she would hie.

Scarce said was the spell ere a figure did stand,
On the crest of a wavelet that danced on the strand ;
While drooped to the waters her ringlets of gold,
And her brow was bedecked with the flower of the wold.

Her eyes were two moonets, her voice was the breeze,
That makes love at even with the swarthy oak trees,
Her breath was sweet incense, that wafts to the sky,
From a censor unseen, held by fairies near-by.

"Bold mortal, that darest a spirit to call,
From the depths of the waves, from the Elfin King's Hall,
Speak now, was it weal, speak now, was it woe,
That bade the invoke me ? Say quick, or I go."

"O spirit, fair spirit, the bantling is born,
To be cast on the rock, deserted, forlorn,
Then manhood endows him with sinew and might.
Then swords are his playthings, his pastime the fight.

And great aspirations mount up to the sky,
But spirit, fair spirit, the proudest must die ;
The green lind must wither, the rose cease to bloom,
The earthquake give nations and cities their doom.

"The youthful, the virtuous, the true and the pure
Must sleep in the grave; and a death pang endure,
The young love be blasted, the young hope laid bare,
Count Ronald be torn from Binnorie the fair.

"Canst bear me, fair fay, where the monarch now dwells,
Who holds, in his thrall, the whole earth by his spells ;
Canst aid me regain the charmed brand he doth wear,
And with it again win Binnorie the fair ?"

Rash mortal ! think well of the boon which you crave,
Ere the Fire Monarch's anger you venture to brave,
Though you mock at the lightening that glares in the sky,
Though lustiest lion you boldly defy.

Though you treat with derision the Demon of war,
As he speeds o'er the plain, in his blood bestained car,
Yet sport not, yet toy not, with that Spirit's ire
Whose throne is in earth and whose garment the fire."

A breast-plate of gold then she plucked from her hair,
Whose sheen o'er the lake and the heather did glare,
She bade him to don the charmed metal, to tame
The unerring dart of the Monarch of Flame,

She waved her fair arm in the golden moonlight,
And down through the turf sank the Spirit and Knight,
Deep, deep in the mid-earth by a portal they stood,
While above and around a deep stillness did brood.

Brave Ronald knocked thrice, and the echoes did ring
Till they roused from his slumbers the dread Spirit-king;
I wish the swarth cheek of Count Ronald grew white,
As he saw o'er the entrance, engraven with might,

These words of fell omen—"who enters, beware
Tis death to confront the Fire-King in his lair,"
I wish his limbs quivered as quivers the flower,
When the autumnal Heavens with wild tempests lower.

It grates on its hinges, that twenty-fold door,—
Unearthly the sound of that earth-riving roar,—
He summoned his courage, he scoffed at his fate,
He entered the Hall where the Master Fiend sate.

High-arched was the hall, and its arcades did shine
With jewels that flashed as just plucked from the mine,
And there sat the King on his golden-based throne
In the heart of the earth, majestic, alone.

A glittering sword in his right hand he held—
'Twas Ergilton's brand, 'twas the relic of old—
"Curst Being of earth ! that dost enter my Hall
This sword be your doom, your mantle your pall"

So spake the proud Monarch, and hurled the bright steel :
'Twas true to its aim, for Count Ronald did reel ;
But it smote on the breast plate, it fell to the ground,
And thanks to the Fairy, made never a wound.

The Spirit-King shrieked for his power had fled,
He rose from his throne, from the bright cavern sped,
The thunders they muttered, the dim smoke rolled fast,
Encircling the baffled Fire-King as he passed.

The Knight grasped the weapon and rose on his way
To the bank of the lake, with the fair Sister Fay ;
Bright dawn from the heavens the night queen had chased
Count Ronald he hid to the castle in haste.

— — — — —
'Tis night : and the torches shone joyous and fair,
From turret of stone, and from moss-covered stair,
Prepared is a bridal, and spread is a feast—
The chapel is oped and the dark robed priest.

Hath taken his stand, the stone altar beside,
And Ronald comes forth with Binnorie his bride,
No sound breaks the silence as the taper grows pale,
Save without on a bough sings the sweet nightingale.

But hear you yon thunder through tower and hall,
And see you yon lightening that comes at its call,
And see you yon vapor that spreads its thick veil,
Round the Bible-crowned altar ? O, hear you that wail

O, sure 'twas the voice of the wrathful Fire-King,
That through the high arches and portals did sing,
Which thrilled every soul, as the Fiend did retire,
"Let mortal not sport with the Spirit-King's ire."

But whose is yon form, the stone altar beside,
And where is Binnorie, the raven-haired bride ?

'Tis the corpse of Count Ronald, all blackened and torn,
But the maid to mid-earth by the Spirit was borne.

THE LAST ACT OF THE DRAMA.

THE traveller, as he walks the streets of Rome, is struck with unavoidable proofs of its former grandeur. Whether the eye rests upon the Appian Way, the Capitol or the mouldering ruins of some palace which once adorned the Palatine Hill, there is nothing left, save the grandeur of a once prosperous city. The Coliseum rears its massive front in silent grandeur, but as the moonlight falls through the arches, it shows out the spot, where, once, the great deity of the Romans stood. The golden apple has long since, been torn from her grasp, or dropped piece by piece amid the dust of ages. The clash of arms is no longer heard, and the flowing blood no longer dyes the pathway, but an humble cross rears its head where, once the gorgeous deity of the Romans was seen, and the gay sounds of mirth and revelry have gone, and all is as silent as a charnel house, save the low murmuring hooded monk, as he passes over his beads and prays for the souls of the departed.

“ Yet this is Rome

That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world !”

raised for a while to please man's vanity, then thrust from her proud position; and trampled in the dust.

How pleasing is the contrast, when we turn from the work of man's frail hand to that of the Divinity. It brings a welcome relief, as we look upon the lives of illustrious men, who unlike the cities built by mortal hands, shine forth as ever resplendent gems in the golden coronet of History. Their virtues draw around them many kind friends. Their genius, of a sudden, bursts forth in dazzling rays, and when the acme of their fame is reached, the curtain drops, and a nation mourns, and ever afterward a tear will glisten as many tongues speak their praises.

Like the drama upon the stage, it is only when it is brought to a close, when the curtain drops, that the audience reach the height of their applause. Truly the last act of the drama is the greatest of it all.

A recent writer has beautifully remarked that "each and every man is a living stone of a living edifice," and pursuing the analogy still farther, it is only when some colossal pillar has been hurled from its base, or yielding inch by inch has fallen, a victim to decay, that its real use is discovered. It may have been conspicuous for its size or beauty, but its more useful qualities were hidden from the eye, and it is only when the edifice is tottering, that its real importance is perceptible.

Thus was it with Sidney, the statesman of England, the companion of Milton. Great as was his career, the last act was the brightest of it all. And the heart feels a throbbing which no words can still, when the imagination depicts the scene—the bloody field of Zutphen—the dying statesman with parched lips begging for water. It is brought, but turning to a wounded soldier lying near he says to the ministering hand, "Give the water to this poor man here. England has more need of him than of me." He is carried from the field, but the laden messenger has done its work well, alas! too well, and Westminster has to make room for one more illustrious corpse.

William Pitt, also, eclipsed the brightness of his career, by the last ray which dazzled the eyes of the world. Loving justice, and always willing to show mercy to those who deserved it, his patience and forbearance were not proof against all assaults. He could not bear a stain upon his Anglo Saxon courage, nor could he yield a point for which he had been battling all his life. Raising himself from a bed of sickness, he once more repaired to his post. The flush of anger mantled his face with the hue of health, as rising in his seat he gave vent to his feelings in the speech, in which occur those memorable words "Shall a people, that seventeen years ago were the terror of the world

now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy. "Take all we have only give us *peace*?" It is impossible! Let us then, my Lords, make one effort and if we must fall let us fall like men!" It was too much, his strength was exhausted, and attempting to rise again, he fell prostrate upon the very spot, upon which he had battled so long for the interests of his country. "History" says an able writer has no nobler scene to show than that which now occupied the House. The unswerving patriot whose long life had been devoted to his country, had striven to the last. The aristocracy of the land stood around, and even the brother of the sovereign thought himself honored in being one of his supporters; party enmities were remembered no more; every other feeling was lost in admiration of the great spirit which seemed to be passing away from among them." Well may the stranger, as he treads the solemn aisles of Westminster, turn from the proud mausoleums of foolish kings to one of humble pretensions.

"Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sends around
The bloody tocsin's madd'ning sound,
But still upon the hallowed day
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,
He who preserved them, William Pitt, lies here."

And these are not a few isolated examples, which, like verdant oases, cheer the heart of the traveller in the great desert of History. Turn where you will, the last of a truly great man's life, like the setting sun, throws forth its beams with more than ordinary beauty. Clouds may, for a time, obscure their brightness, but when they roll away, and the great orb is seen on the verge of the horizon, it is then that all is bathed in mellow light, and the great monarch of the skies seems to retire, only to run a

course of increased splendor. Death, so terrible to many, seems but the harbinger of a more exalted life, and the grave but a bridge upon which the world-sick soul passes into realms more congenial to its desires. It may be urged, however, that the end of an Alexander or a Cæsar was not thus. An answer will be found, on questioning ourselves whether these men were great. Were they not, rather, players who, having decked themselves with gaudy tinsel, and having played their rôle, when the curtain dropped, were hurried off the stage, stripped of their gay apparel? Did they not lose their assumed characters, descend to the common range of men, and tremble in common before the breath of the Great Destroyer. But let us turn to yet another example.

Enter that quiet chamber in the city of Washington, behold, there, the dying statesman, the minister of Christ. The sick man motions with his hand. The household slaves are called. The rites of the Last Supper are about to be administered. The invalid from his bed, and master and slaves together kneel, and eat of the same bread, and drink from the same cup, commemorating the coming of HIM, by whom, there is redemption from the curse of the law, to both bond and free. Such was the end of Henry Clay, and it would be well for us, to turn our eyes more frequently to this crowning act of the great statesman's life. It is a rich legacy, from which, when had feelings are rife in our land, and brother's hand is raised to smite brother, lessons more valuable than the wealth of all the Indies, can be easily learned. For when the fanatics of our own country, and the bigoted philanthropists of England, have shown the same degree of Christian consistency towards their dependants, then, *and not till then*, shall we search in our own land, or stretch our eyes in gazing wonder across the waters, to behold lessons of enlarged benevolence.

But it is not in the lives of the illustrious alone, that the last act is the greatest act of all. The life of the christian may be

cited as well. As the heavens blackened, the fragile bark has kept in sight the gleaming beacon. It has spread its dazzling rays over the water, and has cheered the mariner's heart in the darkest of the night. But the long and stormy voyage is fast coming to a close. With one leap, the vessel has quitted the heaving billows of this world, and has glided into a safe haven. The clouds roll away, the beacon light bursts forth with renewed brilliancy, and the tempest-tossed mariner has found a sure anchor-hold in the bosom of his God. The spirit has flown, the death-scene is ended, but those mute lips and placid brow tell us that the greatest conquest of a life-time has just been achieved, tell us, in unmistakable tones, that the last act of the great tragedy was the grandest of all. RASSELAS.

PRINCETON COLLEGE. (Continued.)

In continuing our sketch of the College, we do not design anything like a history, but merely to call attention to a few facts which are of interest to all. "Old North," besides having been used by the British for "barracks" and suffering much maltreatment at their hands, and the consequent cannonade from the American Artillery, has been burned down on two different occasions. Once on the 6th of March, 1802, and again on the 10th of March, 1853.*

On both occasions, the inside of the building was entirely destroyed, except a part of the partition walls. At the time of the latter fire, we were among the eye-witnesses. It broke out about half-past eight o'clock, on Saturday evening, and owing to the inexperience of the firemen, the want of water, &c., it met with little resistance, until 12, when the building was in ruins.

* Both of the dates are incorrectly stated in the Encyclopedia of American Literature.

Besides the building, there was a large amount of property belonging to the students consumed, also, by far the greater portion of the Library of the Philadelphian Society. This, consisting of a choice collection of practical religious books, was not large, so that the value was not great, though the loss was a serious one to the Society.

The venerable old walls, however, though having suffered from "fire and sword" and the ravages of time for a century, are as firm as ever, and as the roof, and inner building have been made entirely fire-proof, we may justly expect these walls to stand for centuries yet to come.

The graduates of the College, including the class of '57, number about 4200. Though but one of this number, Mr. Madison, has occupied the President's chair at Washington, the numerous "positions of honor and trust" that have been creditably filled by a very large proportion of them, show that her sons are not inferior to those of any institution in our land.

But while she has, we think, fully maintained her place among the first class institutions comparatively speaking, she has labored under many serious disadvantages. While the other older institutions have been most liberally endowed, both by their respective States, and individual munificence, the endowments of Princeton have been remarkably sparing. The effect of this, is known to all who are intimate with her, and could be readily inferred by others. That such is her condition, the State is certainly much to blame. As a Jerseyman I blush to confess it, but it is true that the *majority* of our legislators have generally lacked the intelligence requisite to appreciate her worth, and importance to the State. What is still worse, they are in this respect but the true representatives of a majority of our voters. When an appropriation was made to repair the injury she sustained during the revolution, the persons who voted for it, were not sent back again! And now when applied to for aid, they have been terrified by the charge, that it is a Presbyterian College,

and that some *Boarding School* of denominational character have informed them, if Princeton was aided they must be also! Not being able to see any difference between a College and a Boarding School, the argument hence was considered conclusive, and our petition was rejected.

Did they but know how entirely the reputation of the State abroad is indebted to the College, they might possibly act in a different manner. Nothing however, is more certain than that these same men are in no danger of being hung for state pride.

But this is not the only case in which we have been treated with gross injustice.

Occupying as we do a central position between the two great Sections of the Country, our Faculty have wisely adopted the only sensible course, viz: to decline being the champions of any party and the promulgators of any political creed. To this they strictly adhere and enjoin upon the students *as such*, the necessity of avoiding any public party demonstrations.

The universal peace and friendship that prevailed during the last campaign, though every party was represented by warm advocates, and the excitement among the students was intense, are sufficient guarantee to continue the course. But how this wise policy is regarded by a number which we chance to know is not very small, may be seen from the following. An individual informed one of our students who was out colporteur, that the only interest he felt in a Princeton Student was, *to give him his dinner when he was hungry*, assigning as the reason that the College would declare itself, *neither for the North nor the South*, consequently he had no *sympathy with it*. Such a state of feeling, and such ignorance of the nature and object of a literary institution is to be pitied as we pity the maniac, rather than condemned as criminal. While on this subject, we may be allowed to say, that we believe that our College is more purely national in its character than any other.

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long has been acknowledged by all, that our faculty is composed of men second to none in ability, and acquirements. They have not advertised themselves by publications. This is the only way in which many professors are known beyond the circle of their personal acquaintance, but few indeed have been the works prepared by our Professors. Whatever may be the reason of this, no one who knows anything, can be so stupid as to attribute it to want of ability. In addition to this, their contributions to science, which have been of the greatest practical advantage to the world, have been repeatedly seized upon, without acknowledgment, simply because such contributions had not been at once secured by the "special act of Congress," and because those who have appropriated them have not been honest enough to give credit where they were not compelled.

To the friends of the College it is very gratifying to notice the gradual improvement that is being made. This is manifest in two particulars, first the Sophomore Class is supplied with professors instead of inexperienced instructors, as is the case too often in our Colleges, and a disadvantage of which we have been conscious here. Without any disposition to find fault, and without disrespect to any one, we are simply stating a fact when we say that students have often been known to reason as follows. "If we can not enjoy the instruction of men who have had experience in teaching, we are better off at a good grammar school, where we can have such teachers than here, until we can enter a class that is thus provided for." Whether the reasoning is strictly true or not is another question. But it certainly bears the semblance of truth, and also has certainly tended to keep the lower classes smaller than they would otherwise have been.

Of still greater importance do we consider the fact, that the terms of admission are becoming more and more difficult, and the consequent improvement in the regular course. When we remember that there were more than a score of applicants for

admission reported "not sufficiently prepared" at the beginning of the present College year, and hence not received, *we can* feel assured that the terms of admission are by no means a farce. The examination for admission, is however, as it should be, far less difficult than those that are encountered during the course. It is in her system of examinations that we consider one of the chief excellencies of our College to consist. The idea of having several examinations intervening between the regular "quarterly" is certainly a capital one. We are convinced that for securing a thorough acquaintance with Greek and Latin, no plan is so feasible as this. Let them come every two weeks. Having taken a good deal of pains to inquire of those who know, we are convinced, that at no institution, unless it be the University of Va., are the examinations during the course so difficult as here. Principles is the thing aimed at, and to better test the fact that they are understood, they must always be applied to something never before seen.

As to the College course, there has been a great improvement throughout, and especially in the languages and the sciences. The only thing of an opposite character is that there is not an exact equivalent for Taylor's Manual, as a study for the special exercise of the memory.

As to our very full Mathematical course, we would like to see the standard of admission so far varied, that the preparation for the higher branches, should be more thorough than it is, while these branches should have the same time allotted to them, and yet completed with the first session Junior. This would allow eight days more for lectures, which would give time for a fuller course of Chemistry, of Anatomy, Botany, Law, &c., which would certainly be of the utmost importance.

Another good tendency this would have, would be to make the students older when they enter, as well as enter the first class. This certainly would have a very desirable influence upon the

character of the students and make it possible for them to derive much more benefit from their course.

There can be no greater mistake in educating, than the one of imbibing the go-a-headative spirit of the age, and as in everything else, hurry the academical course through with the least time and labor possible. This having the only aim "to get through" instead of getting the education, has ruined thousands. Let such a spirit be arrested before a greater injury is done.

Having expressed ourselves freely and warmly in reference to our Alma Mater, lest some should suspect us of sinister motives, we beg leave to assure them that we fully expect that all the College honors will have been decided upon, before this shall make its appearance.

J. B. K.

"HONOR PRAEMIUM VIRTUTIS EST."

As the fair face of morn, radiant with beauty, peeps with cheerful smile from beneath the mantle of night, and the countenance of nature is lit up with joy at the approach of her benignant queen, we behold in a sequestered spot, richly adorned with the furniture of Eden, a youth of manly form and thoughtful aspect. While he stands in silent contemplation, the gay nymph, Sensual Pleasure appears to him "as an angel of light." With her much fair speech, and fascinating arts, she endeavors to gain the youth's affections. He listens to the siren song; the waves of passion become agitated; the heart is tossed upon the billows; and the judgment threatened to be dashed from the helm. Just at this critical moment the heaven-born angel, Virtue presents herself with grave and unaffected modesty. She pours oil upon the troubled waters, binds the judgment Ulysses like in a place

of safety, and puts forward her claims for his heart. The youthful hero makes choice of virtue and, in virtue of his choice, conquers every difficulty ; performs wonders, and is at length crowned among the immortals.

This fanciful sketch of a fable may seem as an introduction illustrative of our proposition, that honor is the reward of virtue.

However, men may differ in their ideas of honor, all agree that it is the highest acquisition, the chief of all earthly blessings. To gain a position of honor, the politician will sacrifice money, time, talents, health, and often principle. In pursuit of fame, the soldier leaves his peaceful happy home, with all its comforts, and endures the hardships of war; and too often the student in his undue ambition for preferment, impairs his constitution, destroys his future usefulness, and shortens his existence. It is not only true that, when nobles set in judgment, their verdict is given upon their honor instead of their oath ; but we have instances of the most degraded characters, who would perjure themselves, and use the most blasphemous language to screen *their* vile actions ; yet, when interrogated upon their honor, have freely confessed their foulest deeds.

"The father of lies" spoke truly when he said "all a man hath will he give for his life." Yet men will barter even life itself for what they consider honor, and of this we have sad proof in the savage and dishonorable practice of duelling. When a course of folly has blasted the reputation and blighted the hopes of youth; when the consciousness of merited dishonor embitters life, and the demon of remorse is gnawing at the vitals; the deluded votary of sinful pleasures, rather than live dishonored, even in his own estimation, chooses as a miserable alternative, an ignominious death.

That we should esteem honor, in the true sense of that term, above riches or even life itself, is proper. And that we should

devote all our energies to that which will merit and acquire honor, is an imperative duty. The error lies in forming wrong ideas of honor and in pursuing a wrong course for its attainments.

Honor may be considered subjectively, in a pure heart, and "conscience void of offence" and objectively, in the admiration, respect, and reverence of others.

Honor is a reward. Trusting to their own native talents or their skill to practice legerdemain upon others whom they think less discerning than themselves, some imagine that they can coin the price of honor out of their own brain, a forged draft on the credulity of others. But honor cannot be purchased with such counterfeits, much less stolen or extorted upon false pretences. He who will not enter by the door and take the winding stairs of virtue which leads to the temple of honor, but endeavors to climb up some other way, will strive in vain, and find as a reward for his labors, that shame which is "the promotion of fools." What should we think of the student who should spend his college-life in idleness and dissipation, and expect, at the end of his course, to take the first honor of his class? Would we not consider him either a fool or a knave? For supposing he could, by stratagem gain his object, could he have a sense of honor in his bosom or the respect of those who knew him?

And supposing his teachers were acquainted with this course would they not punish rather than reward such conduct? And shall mortal man be more just than his maker?

The laws of God's natural and moral government altereth not. It is decreed in the physical, mental, and moral world that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The husbandman does not look for a crop from ground which he has neither ploughed nor planted. Neither can the prodigal who spends his substance in riotous living, nor the sloth who buries his talents in the earth, expect to reap the reward of the good and faithful servant.

"A reward is an equivalent for some action done by a moral agent, and when it is a good reward it implies merit." Whatever is valuable can only be acquired by perseverance in well doing. "Labor is the foundation of all wealth and the source of all value," essential to man's subsistence and pleasure, even in his state of innocence; for he was placed in the Garden to dress and *keep it*. Man was created upon that portion of the earth's surface which requires labor to provide for his wants, and his nature requires labor for the full development of his faculties. All that is valuable in the worlds of mind and matter is acquired only by arduous exertions. So also, in the moral world, it requires a life of earnest faithful effort, the highest acquisition that which is the reward of virtue. We would not be understood as saying that this labor is painful or discouraging and only to be performed with a view to the attainment of honor and happiness. It is *itself* a source of the greatest gratification and enjoyment. Could we have seen Newton when he discovered the laws of gravitation or Franklin when the kite which he sent forth brought down a branch of electrical fire from the world of waters above, we would not hesitate to conclude that, except freedom from sin, intense and vigorous action is the mind's highest enjoyment. Like all other blessings of life, an immoderate use of it may produce disease; but even its most burning fever is less painful and fatal than the debilitating chills of idleness or the loathsome malady of dissipation.

Virtue in its primitive sense of strength and value has always been honored, but that honor, like the virtue upon which it is bestowed, is uncertain and fleeting; not so however of that honor which is the reward of virtue, as a moral principle. It is a sure and everlasting reward. But what is this moral principle we call virtue? It is not a strict adherence to the laws of the land, however contrary to our private judgment, for in that case the

highest honor would be the result of disobedience, as in the case of Daniel and the "three children," in Scripture history.

Had Luther been virtuous in this sense, his name would never have been rendered immortal. Had the Pilgrim Fathers been strictly virtuous according to this definition they would never have had the distinguished honor of planting, on the soil of a new world, that precious seed which has become a noble tree, affording protection and provision for the oppressed of all nations. Honor is not the reward of hypocrisy which, according to Mandeville, is the whole amount of virtuous pretensions. It is true that the wolf in sheep's clothing may enter the fold unobserved and carry off his prey, but a little discernment will generally detect the hypocrite. We may often be disappointed in not finding fruit when there is a fine appearance; but those who will sensibly judge of the tree by its fruit will not be deceived, when they see a cluster of grapes ingeniously fastened to a verdant bramble. The hypocrite can never have the sense of honor in his own bosom, and that secret telegraph which communicates between mind and mind, seldom makes a false impression.

The virtue of which honor is the reward does *not* consist in pleasure or happiness. The reward of all pleasure, unless that which springs from virtue, itself is shame and remorse. And as happiness exists between the faculties and susceptibilities, on the one hand, and the objects and laws to which they are made to conform, on the other, that harmony is only maintained in accordance with the laws and principles of virtue.

It is *not* universal benevolence either. Vice, ashamed of her own dead offspring, would willingly have the child of virtue, divided, and be content to take the half. But virtue must have the entire body and soul; benevolence is only a part of virtue, and it may be a dead part. It cannot be separated from self government. "Keep the heart pure from worldly taint by the repellent power of virtue." This virtue requires not only that we

should visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction but, keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

This moral principle which we call virtue, is conformity to the will of God ; an earnest desire and endeavor to obey the golden rule ; love to God and all mankind for His sake. This is the virtue of which honor is the reward. It fills the soul with peace and joy. It ennobles man's nature and is the principle from which springs every godlike action. It is that which makes the 'good man satisfied in himself.' It is a sun in the soul which attracts everything to itself, that source of life, light, and power, whose very spots are luminous.

" Virtue

Stands like the Sun and all which rolls around,
Drinks life and light and glory from her aspect."

"NON SATIS EST PULCHRA ESSE POEMATATA ; DULCIA SUNTO."

NATURE is ever before us, we can, as often as we please, contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imaginations with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colors of an evening sky, or the windings of a limpid river; we may dwell with rapture upon those more sublime exhibitions of nature, the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice which lifts the soul with delightful amazement, and seems almost to suspend her exertion.

The beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favorite subjects with the poet and painter; they charm us in description or they glow upon canvass. Indeed the imitations of eminent artists have been held on an

equal footing in regard to the pleasure they yield, with the works of Nature herself, and have sometimes been deemed superior. This subject deserves attention ; how it happens that the description of the poet and the imitation of the painter seem to communicate more pleasure than the things they describe, or imitate. In estimating the respective merits of nature and of art, it will readily be admitted that the preference in every *single* object is due to the former ; take the simplest blossom that blooms, observe its tints or its structure, and you will own them unrivalled, what pencil, how animated scceiver can equal the glories of the sky at sunset ? Or can the representations of moonlight, even by Homer, Milton and Shakespeare, be more exquisitely finished than the *real* scenery of a moonlight night ? If the poets and painters are capable of yielding superior pleasure in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their skill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight by attending not only to the unity of design, but to unity—if I may be allowed the expression—in the feelings they would excite. In the works of nature, unless she has been ornamented and reformed by the taste of an ingenious improver, intentions of this sort are very seldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, tranquil, impetuous and fantastic, are thrown together without any regard to the influence of arrangement or to the consistency of their effects upon the mind. The elegant artist, on the contrary, though his works may be adorned with unbounded variety, suggests only those objects that excite similar or kindred emotions, and excludes everything of an opposite or even of a different tendency. If the scene he describes be solemn, no lively or fantastic image can have admission ; but if, in joyous mood, he displays scenes of festivity, every pensive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus, the figures he delineates have one individual direction ; they make one great and entire impression. The skill

of the poet and painter in forming their works, so as to excite kindred and united emotions, deserves the greatest attention, in that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature with the mere perception of extended objects, as they are by the general *union* of their influences and correspondences. A person of sensibility will be less able perhaps than another, to give an exact account of all the different parts of an exquisite landscape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains, yet the *general* effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. Indeed, it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular, to the works of a poet; verses may be polished, and may glow with excellent imagery; but unless like the minor poems of Milton, they, by their enchanting influence on the heart, and by exciting feelings that are consistent, or of similar tendency, are never truly delightful. Horaco, I think, expresses this sentiment in the words of my motto.

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt."

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

'Twas sunset in an orient clime,
The heavens in gold seemed hung,
As o'er a lovely vesper sky
The Sun his drapery flung.
An aged pilgrim sad and lone,
Whose soul seemed weighed with care,
A moment viewed this gorgeous scene,
Then bowed his head in prayer.

His prayer put up, he raised his eyes
Again to view the sight,
When, lo! the tints had disappeared
And all was veiled in night.
He grasped the staff with stronger hold,
With firmer foot marched on.
'Tis thus, said he, life's joys depart,
They vanish all in one.

And Friendship, too, more fickle still
That Joy her sister-twin,
Like sunset glory fades and leaves
No trace where it has been.
Thus spoke the pilgrim; but life's bloom
Had from him long since passed,
And grief and care o'er his sad soul
A gloomy shadow cast.

It is not so : in life's green spring
When hopes are bright and vernal,
It is within our power to form
Friendships that are eternal.
Yes, to gain friends whose love will cheer
Us in life's early bloom,
Wreath garlands for our riper years,
With roses deck our tomb.

True Friendship is a holy thing,
Its links are never broken,
But e'er reflects on all things round
Of bliss serene a token.
A fortune-pledge it is while here
By gales of sadness driven,
Into the future sweetly peers
And consummates in heaven.

X.

THE CLASSICS—INDISPENSABLE ELEMENTS OF LIBERAL EDUCATION.

THERE is a disposition, in this age of progress, to revolutionize society. The paths in which our fathers trod are forsaken, and all rush wildly after some "ignis fatuus." Change is the watchword, and its repetition strikes terror into the hearts of fogies. Legislators, urged by the persuasive accents of Reform, ransack their brains for some scheme, by which to gain notoriety. The pillars of our political fabric are unsteady, and threaten to prostrate the temple of Liberty, with eager hopes of patriots. Mobs assume the robes of justice, and plunge her sword into innocent blood. The core of society seems to be unsound; and this has always taken place, when the immaterial has been dragged in the dust of materiality. Such change has ever preceded the destruction of governments. The sanctity of the pulpit is dishonored by prostitution to fanaticism and false doctrines. Such being the case, we cannot wonder that the best interests of man are neglected. Cultivation of his intellect and development of his moral powers do not receive merited attention. Tried systems of education are discarded and the attempt to discover a "royal road" to the temple of knowledge is made. Thorough discipline and exercise of the faculties of body and mind are unbecoming an age of luxury. All that does not directly assist in filling the pocket with money is accounted lost. Graces of mind do not receive care that is bestowed upon those of body. The outside of the temple is richly decorated, while the inside receives no touches from the adorning hand of beauty. Hence, the opposition to every kind of improvement that will not render man more expert, in accumulating wealth, and woman more skilled, in its expenditure. Animated with these sentiments, it has been the custom of some classes, in society, to condemn particular branches of prescribed studies, as only *ornamental* and therefore

useless to the practical man. Greek and Latin have been included, in that list, by these would-be-censors.

The fallacy of this proposition we propose to show, by considering, in the first place, the indissoluble connection between the classics and the arts and science. Before the revival of learning, in the sixteenth century, nearly all knowledge was shut up in the Greek and Latin languages. Though these have, from time to time, been translated, with tolerable accuracy, into English, yet the peculiarities of the originals remain, in such degree, as to preclude him who is unacquainted with the ancient languages, from a full enjoyment of their beauties.

While the English scholar is studying science and philosophy, he must consent to be a "word hunter." But, in these, the classical student meets with little delay. The ground to be passed over is familiar. The terms and phrases of science are not unknown. While the other is removing obstacles from his path, he is studying, in earnest; treasuring up facts, and investigating great principles. The knowledge of the latter is more permanent, too, for the association of ideas, in his mind, is so powerful as to suggest desired information. Words and terms are kept fresh, in the English scholar's recollection, only by frequent use of the dictionary. Very little of this labor will fall to the lot of the other, for he traces words to their primary meaning so that the signification cannot be forgotten. In his mind, there is a bright chain that connects word to word, just as the fiery lightning leaps from cloud to cloud and leaves behind an uninterrupted path of light.

Anatomy employs Greek terms well known to the classical scholar. These simple technicalities serve as a key to unlock the meaning of compound ones. This process of generalization extends and strengthens knowledge, and prepares the classical scholar for enlarged and careful investigations. Most philoso-

phers were remarkable, in youth, for knowledge and love of classical and philological studies. Sir William Hamilton, a man of almost universal education, and a great philosopher, highly prized the classics and thought them superior to other branches of learning in their power to develop the faculties of mind.

He, as well as many others, attributed the fervor and earnestness with which they engaged in study, to the quickening influence of philological attainments. They stir up stagnant waters of the mind and dissipate the unhealthy vapors around. With few exceptions, it happens that the best scholars, in any department of learning, are those who have imbibed most freely the spirit of classical knowledge. So that, one who is intimately acquainted with the Ancient Languages will master his profession and acquire more valuable information in a shorter time, than he who possesses not these requisites.

Most of the sciences are handed down from Greece. Astronomy, Mathematics, Geography, Natural Philosophy, and some branches of medicine were diligently cultivated, in that country, and bequeathed to posterity, in the writings of her authors. Very many years after the revival of learning, science could be learned only by studying it, in the classical languages. Even after these languages ceased to be spoken and used as a medium of writing, persons unacquainted with them could not thoroughly master the sciences. The phraseology of Greek and Latin was retained in translation, for the modern languages possess no correct terms with which to clothe scientific peculiarities. From this circumstance, there has arisen a form of language named "technical," unlike that employed, in ordinary conversation, and foreign to mere English students. So far from discontinuing this nomenclature, modern science is drawing more closely round her that mystic veil. Botany, it is said, employs numbers of untranslated terms, which renders that study very difficult to any except classical scholars. How slow and tiresome is the progress

of the Anatomical student who does not understand Greek and Latin! Every bone, muscle, artery, and most minute fibre, has a technical name. The sublime and ennobling science of Astronomy must be pursued under great disadvantages, if one be not classically educated; for the terms used are purely Greek and Latin. The study of Chemistry, not many years ago, was carried on, in a very desultory manner. Chemists of various nations described their discoveries and investigations, in different languages. The instruments employed were not called by names common to themselves. The consequence was that there could be no unity of operation, and confusion prevented rapid advancement. It is necessary that those who pursue a certain study should hold communication with one another, in order to compare results and to correct errors. Now it was found that this could be accomplished best by employing the classics as a means of reciprocating knowledge; and it has been effected. The consequence is that progress, in that science, clothes itself, in a great degree, with Grecian and Latin dress.

Acquaintance with the classics is invaluable as facilitating, study of language in general; the importance of which no sensible person will deny. Yet "the gift of speech is so universal, so indispensable, like the air we breathe, it is scarcely valued, because its loss is rarely felt." Language is that power by which all knowledge is communicated and all emotions, feelings, and desires are expressed. It is made up of words which are composed of articulate sounds. The latter is the immediate gift of God; and He intended that it, like all other faculties, should be cultivated. Those who do not use their talents are to be held accountable.

Articulate sound may be compared to a harp the strings of which are words, and thought the unseen hands that brings forth melody. Hence, all that contributes to tuning the instrument will the more

increase its capacity for producing enchanting strains. In opposition to many, we maintain that words are *realities*. History tells us that the "pen has often proved mightier than the sword." Did not the words of Demosthenes terrify Philip more than the combined military force of Greece? What power there is in the words of Homer, Virgil and other classical writings! Shakespeare's language converts the reason; and rushing, like a torrent pours sweet waters into thirsting depths of the heart. In King Lear, what a marked difference is there in the nature of the words used by the three daughters! Love and tenderness are mingled in Cordelia's speech; while the language of her sisters is unmeaning and devoid of feeling. In Milton, suggestive terms are employed to describe the gates of Heaven and Hell. Homer, in his first book, uses words that imitate, in sound, the sea's roar and beating against the beach. Such expressions as "Quixotic" have almost become things. When Coleridge's "Christabel" was read to Shelley, some of the words so affected him that he fainted. What power is there in battle-cries and war-songs, which move men to rage and tears, in turn! How like realities were the words of Patrick Henry, when he uttered that patriotic sentence: "Give me liberty or give me death," and thus breathed vitality into the dying hopes of friends!

"Words are, often, more important than long histories." They show the characteristic of a people, with unerring fidelity. They cannot deceive. If one but know the language of a people, he may discover their nature. Every revolution, in any department, every change that has taken place, and every influence that has been brought to bear upon a nation, leave footsteps upon the domain of its language. Just as the sun's beams are differently colored according to the medium through which they pass, so does the character of a nation modify its language. So that you may discover whether a people are brave or cowardly, learn-

ed or unlearned, virtuous or vicious, by being acquainted with their style of speech. Words are the bond that unites our spiritual and material beings. Thought may be compared to a leafless forest, and language to the beautiful and varied verdure that nature is wont, in spring-time to throw over her sons. "Man is the only being in this world capable of using language." Thought is the Promethean spark that animates "the face divine." It is his mightiest weapon of defence, guided by influence of words, and hurled by power of language. Then, since thought is useless without its appropriate dress, how assiduously should we labor to perfect this instrument! If it be important that communications between natural object should be adorned, surely, those which connect mind to mind ought not to be neglected. Human forms owe much of attractiveness to taste in dress, and to refuse such care upon the garb of thought is unjust. To aid in this laudable work, is the object of philologists.

Now many, impressed with the convictions at which we have arrived, determine to acquire as many languages as possible; but their passion extends only to those that are now spoken. Polite education is thought to include some knowledge of French, German, Spanish and Italian, however superficial. These smarters tell us that attention to acquisition of the classics is loss of time, and had better be given to study of modern languages.

Though one be not acquainted with his own tongue, he is determined to know a *little* French. Instead of retarding progress in other languages, Latin and Greek enable one to master them more quickly and with greater thoroughness. It has been proved by experience, that a good classical scholar will become familiar with all desirable modern languages, "in a shorter time, than the mere English student will learn one." The English, as well as several other languages, is composed of many Greek and Latin words. These form part of the woof of the garment of various people's speech. The classics are the most difficult and finished

of all languages. Greek, like the grand, but simple Doric structure, is most incomplex and correct, in style; and Latin cannot be surpassed for historic and martial description. received inspiration directly from Greece; and Latin authors, sometimes seemed animated with the splendor and beauty of their glorious neighbors. Then he who is proficient in these languages will have no difficulty in learning that of any people. The general principles of speech are the same. Each successive step, in its acquisition, is but the application of known rules. This is "Philosophy of Language;" and, when one acquires it, he will surpass those who have not the same knowledge. The mastery of a language, by such persons, can be accomplished, with little difficulty. As a professional man easily understands a new book, or some branch of his pursuit, so will the philologist, with little trouble, become acquainted with a language.

Defenders of classical learning have been called enthusiasts, who wish to educate, in such manner, as to unfit persons for real life. This charge is made by those who understand nothing of the value of Greek and Latin. But, consolation is found, in knowing that many who have labored for the good of men have been rewarded with ingratitude. The invention of printing was denounced as an art of the evil one. Were not Christ and the Apostles tormented with cruelties, in consequence of seeking to save men's souls. Ignorant people are always found to rail against great schemes of government and sublime teachings of Philosophy. Persons who are unable to read correctly a single sentence of Greek or Latin, ridicule the immortal works of Homer, Plato, Thucydides, Tacitus, and Livy—fountains of wisdom, beauty, sublimity, and all that pertains to man's better nature. Should not such treatment endear these productions to cultivated and refined men, rather than cause them to join in with ignorant denunciations? "It is not the province of true philosophy to scorn any advancement, in discovery or invention, be it never so unim-

portant." Then, if philology be useful, let its offerings not be cast from the common altar of mental devotions. The mind is man's most valuable possession, and unremitting care should be given to its improvement. Any influence that will contribute to developing and ennobling the intellect should be gladly received. The soul, like a rough diamond, is placed, by God, in the body and we must ever be laboring to effect its polish. *Truth* is the great aim of life. None are justifiable in closing their eyes against its feeblest rays.

Another important argument for the study of language arises from its relation to Mental Philosophy. The great difficulty in pursuing this branch has arisen from the "impalpableness of objects to be scanned." Language must be the medium of reciprocating thought; and, without such power, little progress can be made, in any department. The utmost nicety, is here required, in the choice of words, so as to convey correct ideas. Metaphysicians have quibbled, for ages about the meaning of certain terms. Now, if these were settled and intelligible language employed, they might understand each other's meaning. Therefore, in studying language, we are acquiring the power to interpret our nature. Can any one say that time spent in this way, is lost? Do not such studies serve to educate, purify, and ennoble the mind; and give it power to soar above animal life? It is in this way only, that we can solve the old problem, "*Γινῶσι σεαυτον*," which to know, the Greeks considered the sum of all education. And now, Christian moralists proclaim that as the great aim of life. It is only, when nature is subdued, and Philosophy finds a home in the inner man, that humanity is stamped with nobility's seal. Then let no one condemn that which assists in making us wiser and better.

The classics, though one may forget how to read them, will leave an indelible impression, upon the mind. Their influence, in developing and shaping powers of intellect, will never be lost.

Who that has studied Geometry can give proofs of its propositions? Yet, no one pretends that such training was useless, in teaching the pupil how to reason. We do not study to recollect forms and facts so much as to know the "why and wherefore." Schools are useful, only in so much as they educe hidden faculties of mind and train them as they should grow.

The mind is not a store-house to hold materials, but a great digestive receiver, through which mental food is to be passed, the valuable part retained, the useless thrown aside. So that, in prosecuting study, we should imbibe only its vitality, and not cover the germs of intellect, with rubbish. He is not best educated who reads most books, but he who makes best use of study. Cramming the mind, with dry details, is sure to deaden its activity, just as a child is nauseated, by too free use of food. Education is to prepare the mind for receiving seeds of thought, by strengthening its powers. The classics accomplish this end. Nor do they bring about that desideratum, slovenly. Wherever they tread upon waste places of mind, verdure is sure to spring up. Like guardian angels, they watch over the temples of our minds, ready to minister, in any part. If such, then, be the value of classical learning, why wish to discard it for something with which we are unacquainted?

But the utilitarian condemns such studies because they are only *ornamental*. Then, we inquire what is useful? Very few are agreed upon this subject. Some think that he is educated who can spell and read, only. Another considers knowledge of art, science, and language requisities of education. The useful and ornamental are not clearly defined. Frequently, the one infringes upon the other. In general, the former includes knowledge of common affairs in life. The latter comprises development and cultivation of the Aesthetic faculties. Does any one, in this enlightened age, pretend that man should be degraded to a level with beasts, which know how to seek food and guard against

dangers attendant on their condition? Would any one seek to inflame those passions which are merely animal and to smother spiritual flames? History discloses the fact that there has ever been a desire in man to materialize whatever is put into the "crucible" of humanity. Therefore, he who would not stretch out a hand to rescue his fellow creatures from such degrading results is not a true philanthropist. If man would be great, he must "crucify the flesh," and minister fuel to spiritual fires. This is to be done by cultivation of the higher faculties. Since greatness, simplicity, and sublimity, are superior to qualities of animal nature, let them be cultivated. Let the mind—that which is part of Divine Existence—be purified and crowned king of nature.

The utilitarian would, in his infatuated ignorance, 'tear the Sun from his golden throne, and light up the world with a torch! He would destroy the grand and beautiful remains of Grecian architecture, and compel artists to imitate log-cabins! He would burn the works of immortal writers and substitute for them, dictionary and grammar. But man was not made for so low a condition. If so, why are some gifted with philosophical, historical and poetical minds? Surely, Solomon was not wrong in urging upon man's attention the importance of acquiring knowledge. The soul is *immortal* and cannot be held to earth, but will burst its fetters and soar aloft. Was the eagle, with its aspiring nature, made to live with domestic fowls? Never! So let the true destiny of man be achieved. Let his spirit be enlightened, that he may ascend to glorious fame.

Besides, we must remember that the world is advancing, in knowledge. What constituted a good education, once, could not now fulfill required conditions. Professions have taken more comprehensive range. To be celebrated, a man must know something beside the technicalities of his pursuit. Theology, Medi-

cine, and Law have become linked together, in a measure. So that he who knows either well must learn something about the others. How much more skillful are the physicians, of our day, than those of previous times. Essayists, critics, and other writers, must now possess a power of analysis and breadth of comprehension that were not once required. The classics are found to contribute most to such attainments. For in Germany, where Greek and Latin are most thoroughly studied, scholars think and write most profoundly on philosophy and criticism. Their minds are best developed and trained, in consequence of such assiduous attention to "classical lore."

It is conceded that no one can travel improvingly or understand the laws, manners, and customs of a people, without knowledge of their language. As well might one hope to derive benefit from visiting a nation of dumb persons. He may see new buildings, remains of Architecture, and other objects, yet unless conversation be possible, little knowledge can be gained. Nor will translations of language give an adequate idea of its power. One must taste of the fountain as it gushes from its pure source, if he would know its sweetness.

Instead of wasting time over modern trashy books, we might find excellent employment, in studying the classics, with a view to formation of style and acquirement of other rhetorical requisites. If one but meditate upon the orations of Demosthenes, he will be more improved than by study of many books on rhetoric. That illustrious orator copied Thucydides, eight times, and spent the greatest care upon selection and arrangement of words, and even parts of words. Like a great painter, he touched and re-touched his sketches, till they seemed faultless; so that his orations have "put off flesh and blood and become immortal." The works of Aristotle still furnish modern writers, on the subject of rhetoric and criticism, with rules. Homer is yet called the

chief of poets ; while Tacitus, Livy, and Thucydides are models for historians. Socrates fathomed the depths of mind; and Plato has never been surpassed for power and compass of thought. All that the Greeks executed displayed perfection of simplicity, grandeur, and beauty. Works of their architects are the ideals of modern art. Then, can we lose time in studying the glorious productions of such people, with the view to applying influences that moulded their character to the formation of our own ? No, it cannot be, for nearly all the moderns who have become renowned fashioned their thoughts by writings of some Grecian or Roman. The classical grandeur of Webster is well known. We are told that Alexander the Great used often to study Homer, and was accustomed to place that book, at night, under his pillow. Desire to imitate the example of Agamemnon was constant, in his mind. How great was such influence, in forming the character of one who was skillful in combat, wise in council, and who was destined to leave an imperishable name, in history !

Destroy the verdure that has grown by the refreshing streams of classical literature, in any region, and almost a waste will be left.

The last office of classical learning is to be noticed. It furnishes a vast amount of historical and biographical knowledge, and beautiful allusions to be laid up, in the memory. These when joys of youth are passed and sorrows of old age succeed, offer inexhaustable stores of pleasure and happiness. Allusions, trifling in themselves, will suggest subjects for thought and investigation which supply the mind with food. Joys and pleasures of boyhood will be remembered by mention of some word, in Greek or Latin, which will cause the old to live over their lives, in imagination. Also, the mythology, as, illustrated by great writers of Antiquity, will furnish beautiful themes for conversation. Albert Gallatin, when old and retired from cares of

state, used to find the greatest delight, in recollecting classical incidents learned, in school-boy days. Milton, when blind and oppressed by weight of years, refreshed his mind, by pure draughts, from the well filled reservoir of classical beauty, in the depths of memory. A poet has well said, the "The classics are a silver key, by which we unlock the emotions residing, in the breasts of the classically educated. A classical allusion is, to such persons, like the touching of a musical chord; for a single expression will often produce a vibration that reaches to the heart, influences the resolution more powerfully, and conciliates the goodwill more harmoniously than a lengthened oration or labored volume."

E. R. G.

Editor's Table.

VOICES FROM THE DEPTHS OF NASSAU.

The "May Number" of our Magazine is now presented to its readers. Whether it can properly bear the name of a month in which it did *not* receive being, we leave to the decision of those who have nothing else to do. We prefer the title given for several reasons. One of which is that, in May, nature is most beautiful. There is a smile upon the countenance of creation; sweetness is wafted upon every breeze, and all love the time which produces so many delights. And we believe so much in the *induction* of bodies as to think and hope that what the "Lit." may lack in attraction may be imparted by pleasure-giving objects around.

To our friends it would seem proper to say that we have labored under serious disadvantages in the publication of the present number. Among these may be mentioned the approach of the the "Comet," and trepidation on account of the consequences that will ensue from its collision with our earth; fright at clamors of the "devil" crying "copy," etc.

Still, the editor hopes that what follows may not be entirely devoid of amusement; for the "drawer," like the magician's box, is never exhausted, be the contents "never" so unimportant.

The first communication that comes to hand is a letter from a senior, which we herewith present to those interested in the class of '57.

MR. EDITOR:—I feel joyful "all over." Our class have left the "classic walks" and taken passage in the "stage of life," and, with some, this will prove a "slow coach." Yet the path is covered with the "sands of life,"

which will give a smooth ride. I have left the "miniature world" and am now rushing at a "2.40 rate" through the "busy scenes of the world." No more shall professors, in college, wonder at the mightiness of my intellect; and tutors mar the beauty of my name, by wrong pronunciation. "Senior Final," "rowls," "fizzles" and "stumps" are among the "things that were." I rejoice no longer to be in the circle of unpleasant *organic* influences. The tune of the bells has now no power over my steps. But time presses; imagine the rest.

"When you get my next letter, then will you hear from me."

Delightfully, yours.

DREAM OF A NON-PAYING SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—I have had a singular dream. It was as follows:

In my sleep, the ghost of the "Mag." appeared to me. Its form was haggard, and its figure gaunt. Unlike the ghost of Banquo, no blood appeared to be in its veins. This sight alarmed me very much. The figure approached my bedside, and, with a piteous moan, and awful look, held out a skeleton hand. Need was depicted upon every feature. I moved not. Soon a voice seeming to issue from a cavern, said "Give me food or it will not be well with thee." Just then I awoke; the spectre vanished, and I resolved to relieve the individual's necessities, when opportunity offered, but have given up the idea. Will this vision trouble me again?

I. Never Pay.

To the last, we answer, It is to be hoped so.

That person who is such a *slave* to tobacco as to smell *one* cigar daily, has determined to quit so injurious a practice. We advise him, in consideration of his health, to do so.

It is said that the trustees have in contemplation, the plan of having the "College Laws" set to music to the tune of "I spied dat old coon settin' on de rail," and sung for edification of "newies." The reason assignaed is that Thales had his laws sung, and whatever a Greek or Roman did is right for moderns. We favor the suggestion and put it at our "extensively circulated publication."

A student who has been in Princeton, three years, informed the editor of a peculiarity by which he is greatly annoyed. It seems that he has been fed on "tough beef and halibut" until frequently in company or when engaged in college duties, he begins to bellow; and in the morning when about to wash his face, he involuntarily endeavors to swim in the basin. His dreams, too, are of a singular character. Once, he thought himself swallowed, by a large fish, and in trying to escape from such quarters, kicked his bed-fellow upon the floor. A spectre, half fish and the other part ox, often keeps him company. We condole with the gentleman.

The person who "fizzled blue" has changed his color to its original hue. His friends will rejoice at such good luck.

We are told that the man who made a "tear" has had the injury repaired and is prepared for future emergencies.

Some one has sent us a "lottery scheme." But we decline engaging in that business, as we are soon to take a ticket in the "Lottery of Life" and do not wish to draw *two* blanks.

THE COMET.

A lady wishes to know whether the coming comet has any influence upon eggs, for she has had some "setting," three months, and chickens are not yet hatched. We suggest that the eggs are probably *rotten*. However, as the point is important, she had better refer to some one else, as that problem is not discussed, in our "syllabus."

Some Freshman who saw the "comet" said that it looked either like a steamboat or a haystack, which last reminded him that he must go to bed.

We believe Tupper has said that there is a woman destined for every man. This may be so, but they do not always meet each other, and the consequence is that many ladies are allowed to pine in solitude. Now, to obviate this unpleasant state of things and thus relieve hundreds of *old maids*, we are in favor of admitting the Mormons into the Union and allowing them to make converts of such, being assured that, only in this way, can they ever wear the matrimonial wreath. Friends, pass around this idea!

A lady having seen some "autograph-books" of Princeton graduates, in which the owners were styled "excellent men," "brilliant geniuses," "persons who will be great," and so forth; and hearing that all are so "illustrated and illuminated," writes to inquire where all these "bright stars" hide their light; for none reach that destiny to which such talents would naturally raise them. Our answer is they are probably surrounded now, by ignorance of a world that cannot appreciate genius, but will shine out some day. We really hope so!

In this age the "Bar" and the "Bench" have united the destiny of their mighty houses; and we may expect jolly times when one sees not "Coke upon Littleton," but "Coke upon the Bench" sipping a "mint julip." "Mr. Sheriff" bring in the toddlers! I'm getting dry!"

We would urge upon future classes the propriety and necessity of charging Freshmen and outsiders six cents apiece, for admission to hear their lectures on optics and so forth, in order to defray expenses of the "Magazine." Try the operation.

COLLEGIANA.

The exercises of the Senior Class came off in the "Chapel," on the 11th. of May, in presence of a large audience—in fact, the building was crowded. Mr. H. P. Ross, of Penn. delivered the Oration, which was an excellent production, and held his hearers entranced by its power and beauty. After this performance the "Parting Ode," composed by Mr. Jas. S. Mayne, of Ireland, was sung,—the graduating Class standing. It brought forcibly to our minds the melancholy assurance that then was the last time we should assemble together.

About ten o'clock, the company adjourned to the President's House, where they soon sat down to a fine supper. Afterwards, the time passed off delightfully, and, at a late hour, strangers retired, the Senior Class remaining, who united in singing a hymn, and in prayer by Rev. Dr. Phillips of N. Y. Now, came the time to bid farewell to the President, which all did with sorrow and regret; feeling that in him we were to lose a friend and well-wisher.

EXCHANGES.

The usual exchanges have been received. Also, we are most happy to welcome the Kent. Mil. Magazine, a new, but excellently conducted Monthly. Among the editors, we are glad to notice the names of several old friends. Under their care that Magazine will be sure to deserve success. We give them the Editorial congratulation and wish them a God speed.

By calling at our "Sanctum," subscribers can see the above publications. Satisfied, as we are, that the class who succeed us will conduct the Magazine successfully, and better than those who have preceded them, we willingly vacate our seat to their occupancy. That our friends may reap all the advantage of the remainder of the session, and return home to receive the commendations and smiles of loved ones is our wish. And now, the play is over; the curtain falls; and we wish you a long farewell.

EDITOR.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected therewith is a prize of ten dollars for the best original essay. None but subscribers are allowed to compete for this prize. The articles must have fictitious signatures with the real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. The articles are submitted to a committee selected from the Faculty, who decide on their respective merits.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications must be addressed (through the Post Office,) post paid to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

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